

76

THE
SPANISH RIVALS.

A
MUSICAL FARCE,

IN
TWO ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

DUBLIN:

Printed by J. EXSHAW, for the COMPANY of
BOOKSELLERS.

MDCCLXXXV.

SPANISH RIVALS

MUSICAL FARCE

TWO ACTS

AS PERFORMED AT THE



THEATRE OF THE CITY

D. U. R. 17

Printed by J. BARNES, for the Proprietors

Booksellers

W. DODDING

PROLOGUE
TO THE
EARL OF SURREY, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

THE very flattering Attention your LORDSHIP has ever paid to the Honor and the Interests of my *Cumbrian* Countrymen, has induced me to lay before so distinguished a Patron this first Offering of a *Cumbrian* Muse; and when it is considered that your LORDSHIP's Liberality of Sentiment is only equalled by the Affability which accompanies it, there are none who will hold me blameable in taking this Opportunity to declare that I am,

MY LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's

very much obliged,

and most obedient Servant,

M. LONSDALE.

PROLOGUE.

WELL fare each heart that here has oft confest,
The tender feelings of the human breast :
There Virtue reigning gives soft Pity birth,
And Conscious Virtue ne'er was foe to Mirth.

Thus judging, Sirs—and sure 'tis judging right,
I'm come to canvass for your smiles to-night,
And on these boards beg leave to introduce,
A bantling of the laughter-loving muse.
No jest of ours shall give a moment's pain,
And as for politics, our scene's in *Spain* ;
Though if you'd like a taste of home-bred manners,
A simple English lad shall make his honours :
One farther north than York—but no reproach,
Honest as are bestrode the Carlisle coach :
He's Canny Cumberland—no Scot indeed,
For simple Scotchmen never cross the Tweed.

To the UPPER GALLERY.

What cheer aloft there ?—Any Bucks of Wapping ?
Yo, ho ! my souls—come, come, all hands to clapping :
See what comes next—and, damme ! see it out ;
Who sits beyond ? (*looking on tiptoe*) Oh, many a
loving pair,
And many a snug economist is there :
Kind souls, I know 'em well—they're always willing,
To stay and have Twelve Penn' worth for their Shilling.

To the FIRST GALLERY.

You who behind your counters daily toil,
Who smile to live, and therefore live to smile ;
Oh ! take not home to-night, a face of sorrow,
Or sure you'll lose a customer to-morrow.
Smart thriving Tradesmen do their business—so,
Not Yawning out—'a—ten-pence—Ma—am—hoigho !"
The

P R O L O G U E.

The Pit.

With you our serious Judges in the Pit,
I'd gladly joke—but scarce dare trust my wit;
Our bard wou'd blame me should I not succeed,
And then—your smiles were terrible indeed!
Away you'd march in critic spleen and vapours,
And we should feel you in to-morrow's papers.

Boxes.

Ladies—but fancy, sure, already traces,
A kind good-humour dawning in your faces,
That says for two short acts you'll keep your places }
Your presence sure can shield the Bard from danger:
Protect him then—he's young—and he's a Stranger.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*THE Author of the following Farce is
solicitous of that Indulgence so necessary
in the Reading of Dramatic Trifles, especi-
ally Musical Ones, and when the Circum-
stances of a First Attempt are added, he
hopes that the same Favour which attended
it upon the Stage, will accompany it in the
Closet.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

DON FERNANDEZ, _____	<i>Mr. Barrymore.</i>
DON NARCISO DE MEDICIS, _____	<i>Mr. Parsons.</i>
DON GOMEZ, _____	<i>Mr. Baddelly.</i>
BASTO, _____	<i>Mr. R. Palmer.</i>
PETER, _____	<i>Mr. Dodd.</i>

W O M E N.

ROSSELLA, _____	<i>Miss Philips.</i>
LUCETT, _____	<i>Mrs. Wright.</i>

Servants, &c. &c.

Scene partly in Madrid, and partly at Don Narcisso's Castle.

Time _____ Evening.

SPANISH RIVALS.

ACT I

SCENE. An Apartment.

Enter FERNANDEZ and BASTO.

FERNANDEZ.

LET me see—About three years ago did I join the forces of my country, as a volunteer, in a service of some danger, and the world, no doubt, has given me credit for my bravery—but the world has yet to learn, that it was the cruelty of my mistress forced me to battle, and that despair made me fight. At the conclusion of the campaign, I travelled in hopes of forgetting the fair Roxella—but, Egad! I find myself once more in Madrid, as much in love as ever, and with the same flinty-hearted maid. However, I am now too much of a soldier to doubt my success with a Lady: I have continued *inreg*, since my arrival here, and thereby hangs a plot.—Basto, I am about an enterprize, in which your help is wanted.

Bast. Enterprize!—O, dear Sir—You know I am as staunch as yourself, Sir—Yes, that spirit the Rock of Gibraltar will bear us witness. Two bullies in the stocks never bore a pelting with more patience than you and I did at St. Roche. But—

Fer. Paa!—If you are afraid, say so at once, and by Heav'n! I'll mark you for a coward.

Bast. Yes, if you can find a spot about me that somebody has not marked already.

Fer.

Fer. Come, come, Sir, observe well what I'm going to tell you.—There is an old country Cavalier who lodges, when in town, at the house of a goldsmith near the Exchange; go find that house, buy some trifle or other, and steal what information you can about this old fellow, whose name, I believe, is Don Narcisso de Medicis.

Bast. Sir, here I stand——Yours——On all occasions lawful or unlawful: but if I were to know the meaning of this business, I think it would be a great deal better for you, Sir—with submission.

Fer. Well then, I'll tell you in a few words.—This Don Narcisso is known to be immensely rich, and of a good family, but old and disagreeable.—Now, I'll offer myself in his name and character to Don Gomez Cavallo, as a match for his daughter Roxella.—He resolves upon the connection—She determines to avoid it; and then I Fernandez suddenly appearing to her rescue, fairly win her by stratagem.

Bast. Whew!—Squibs and sky-rockets!—Well, Sir, I see you are determined, and so my poor advice would be thrown away; for, when rich Folly can do as it pleases, poor Wisdom has but little chance of doing as it ought.

Fer. None of your moralizing, sirrah, but go as I have directed.—[Exit Basto.]
I'll adopt my plan at all events. The disguise will at least gain me an interview with that proud beauty; and as for dangers, I defy them in every shape they can put on.

SONG. FERNANDEZ.

What impels to gallant deeds,
Like a heart replete with love?
He no threatening danger heeds,
Who a noble mind would prove.
All are trifles, light as air,
When the brave would win the fair.

It was for this I shunn'd repose,
 When forc'd by adverse fate away;
 And when the tale Roxella knows,
 'Twill sure my perils well repay.
 And greater perils I can dare;
 For 'tis the brave deserve the fair.

[Exit.]

BASTO, *solus*—

Let me consider now—I have stuck to my master like a Scotch plaid, in all weathers.—I have gone through a course of the elements too in his service—we have lived in fire together, swam in water together, fed on air together, and I dare say, must be laid in the cold earth together, at some damn'd bout or other.—Well, Basto, get thee gone—execute this one job, and then throw up thy service—marry, take an alehouse, beat thy wife, kick thy servants, and live comfortable.

[Exit Basto.]

SCENE The Street.

Enter PETER, singing, and BASTO.

Bast. Ha! what, my little Peter! alive and merry, and in Spain still?

Peter. He! he! he!

[Shaking hands.]

Bast. But, what the devil!—Why, all thy fellow-prisoners are sent home long ago, and here art thou left behind, as brisk as—

Peter. Bottled ale, he! he! hee!—Eh!—I strive to keep up a good heart, lad; come what will, I fight it through an I can. Why now, I was forced to enter volunteer aboard a ship, and I didn't care for that—and we were ta'en prisoners the week after, and I didn't care for that—and I've left here in a foreign country, and I caren't for that nowther. You see, Miller, what it is to have a stout heart!—Hugh!—I reckon I mun never see canny Cumberland again, the heart of all England, by Gosh.

Bast.

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Bast. You like better, it seems, to be in the heart of all Spain, by Gosh.

Peter. Why, I'll tell you what—I ran away to be a sailor, 'cause my sweetheart vex'd ma; and sin' I been amang gunpowder, I gitt'n some mair mettle about ma. I—I'll see her coffin walk afore I budge an inch nearer England till she send for ma.

Bast. Bravo!—Ha! ha!—You've no hopes of leading *her* to church, and so you'll stay here and drive mules to market.

Peter. But I've gitt'n a place, mun.—I live with an old gentleman i' th' country; he keeps a deal o' cattle o' top of a mountain, and I gang my ways a shepherd-ing now and then.—You see he lets me wear my own country idress, and we live as happy!—Didn't you never hear talk about *Old Mister Narcisso de Medicis*?

Bast. *Narcisso de Medicis*!—'Gad, the very man I want to hear of.—[*Aside.*]—Ha! what of him?

Peter. Why, mun, that's my measter, and a *gosh* drat comical shaver it is!—Oh! it's a comical shaver.

Bast. This is lucky—Now to get something out of him cleverly.—[*Aside.*]—Yes, I know your master very well. I—I like his humour much.

Peter. You like his humour!—'Egod you are fine and cunning, then; for nobody else could ever find out what is his *humour*. Why, mun, he's of all macks of forts—mad, merry, and melancholy!—Sometimes he knocks us about, and other sometimes he dings his own head against a post.

Bast. So much for his head.—Ha, Peter!

[*Aside, and pointing to his head.*]

Peter. Ha! ha! ha!—'Ecod, I think he has jumbled it a bit.—He's a queer stick to make a thivel on, as they say in our country.

Bast. Ay, he's a queer *Quis*—that is, take him altogether.—And his dress—hang it! I always thought there was something particular in that—Didn't you?

Peter.

SPANISH RIVALS.

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Peter. But he would dress my jacket, an I were to tell him on't. To be sure, he—he—he looks rather *hocus pocus*, as a body may say—with his long red cloak, and his fiery face keeking out at top, like the sign o' th' Turk's Head—and his doublet's all over flourished and trimmed with red, and blue, and yellow, as if it had been cur out for the King of Clubs.—He! he! he!

Bast. He! he! he! [In Peter's manner.]

Peter. And he wears yellow stockings, like a goose.—But I mun be off—he'll may be want ma!

Bast. What's he in town?

Peter. Ay, or else I wadn't be here.

Bast. The devil!—If he should hear of his own wedding!—Couldn't I contrive to hinder that now?

[*Aside.*]

Peter. Were you speaking, thought ye?

Bast. I am considering whether I shan't tell you a secret: Don Narcisso is going to be married.

Peter. Married!—Odd's wucks and tar! no, no: bar snaps there. He bribes me not to name wedding when I tell him stories of me and my old sweetheart Margery Topping—He cannot abide weddings.

Bast. But Love conquers all, you know—*Omnia vincit armour*, as my master says.

Peter. Huh!

Bast. Donna Roxella, the great beauty here, has captivated him—He came to Madrid on purpose to marry her privately, and would be stark mad if he thought any one knew of it; so take no notice to your master—Mum—keep your bones whole—good bye Peter, ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit.*]

Peter. [*Solus.*] Married, an ye please! Well done, old Sly and Comical!—Egod, it may be—he didn't tell me what we came up to town about, and puzzen me if I dinnat wish him joy the first time I see him, come better come war—But stop a bit; we mun have a dance at this wedding, or else it is n't me; ay, and I'll dance in my stocking feet as lang as I can hing together.

together. [*Capering, stops short.*] I'll warrant me blind Joseph Strang misses me sadly at Michael Beck's on a Whitsun Saturday Dam! he's a top fiddler—and I could a' danc'd Old Roger like a ribbon; but it's na matter: if Margery hadn't been sae cross and canker'd, I mud a been i' Cumberland yet.

S O N G.

When I was in Cumberland, I went a wooing,
But love, to my sorrow, had nigh been my ruin;
I died by inches—I look'd sae shocking,
And all for the sake of dear *Margery Topping*.

With thinking of her, sa handsome and proper,
I sobb'd all day, and I set bye my supper;
My Mother cry'd—Peter—nay make thyself easy,
But that was n't Margery!—Lack-a-daisiey.

I pluck'd up a heart, and I asked this maiden,
If ever she thought it would come to a wedding;
She look'd in my face, and she call'd me Ninny,
Have thee? says Margery—not for a guinea!

Thought I to myself, what the verjuice can ail her;
I wou'd stay here—I'll gang for a sailor;
I went my ways, and I writ in a letter,
Oh I fare thee well, *Meg*, till thou likes me better.

[*Exit.*]SCENE *An Apartment.*

ROXELLA and LUCETT discovered.

Rox. And so Don Juan, you say, walk'd by without speaking to you?

Luc. Without speaking a syllable—but you know best, madam, how 'tis—when a young fellow has nothing to say to a lady's waiting-woman, he has most likely had his answer.

Rox. Indeed some people are not so easily answer'd—where's my veil?—I'll walk in the garden—I—I—I have sat till I'm mop'd, and the evening air will refresh me a little.

Luc.

Luc. I used to say, madam, it was your own fault when want of company made you dull.

Rox. Well! what should be understood by that, pray?

Luc. Nay, nothing, madam—but one may speak: my place has been a very hard one of late—no billet-doux from the beaux—that profitable article is grown very scarce.

Rox. Leave me, leave me.

Luc. The truth is, madam—what signifies minding the matter—that you are the greatest beauty in Spain, and neither of us the better for it—Lud! if I was but the—the—woman she is! [*Aside, and Exit.*]

Rox. [*Solos.*] 'Tis not in that girl's power to be a greater plague to me, than I am oftentimes to myself; any trifling neglect from those who possibly profess too much, throws over my mind a something truly tormenting; but I seldom think of Fernandez without a reflection of the most painful kind.

SONG.

Why owns my breast so proud a heart,
That faithless to its better part;
A wild, a changing feature wore,
Nor own'd the secret love it bore.

Say, Cupid, were the youth but here,
To mark this tell-tale falling tear;
Should kind Compliance end his pain,
Or ough my pride to rule again?

Enter LUCETT with a Letter.

Luc. Here's a letter, Madam.

Rox. Give it me—'Tis for my father. How's this!

Luc. I know nothing about it; my orders were to bring it to you, while he wrote an answer.

[*Exit Lucett.*]

Rox. [*Reads*.] "If it is a crime to be in love, I am the greatest villain breathing.—*Your daughter*."—So, so!—[*Reading again*.] "Your daughter has inspir'd a passion, which neither my reason nor my years can smother."—His years! "Tell me immediately, if I am to be happy with the fair Roxella, that I may lay at her feet my person and fortune, such as Heaven and good friends have made 'em. Though my appearance is——is——"

Enter Don Gomez, who peeps over her shoulder, and reads.

Don Gom. "Is uncouth, and my manners strange; yet my possessions are princely, and my blood is noble. Let your wisdom then make a balance between them favourable to the hopes of——"

"Your s. if you please,——"
 "NARCISO DE MEDRIDA."
 Now, child, I—I——Don't be frighten'd—I'll read you what my wisdom has wrote in answer to this curious epistle.

Rox. Curious, indeed! 'Tis quite an oddity.

Don Gom. [*Reading*.] "As my daughter is inflexible to every thing our young men can say, she is certainly pre-determin'd in favour of the old: add to that, my knowledge of your fair circumstance in the world, and you may construe this short note into a hearty welcome to the house of——"

"Your humble Servant,
 "GOMEZ CAYALLA."

There—what do you think of that? Will you have him?

Rox. You cannot mean it sure, Sir——

Don Gom. Mean it! Ay, and command it too. Remember, you are now under a positive command.

Rox. Then, Sir, I am afraid I shall hardly carry myself to your satisfaction.

Don Gom. Haa, ha!—[*Sealing the letter*.]—The more the pity. Here, Sancho——

Enter

to two—[*Enter SERVANT.*]

Oh, you come before one has time to call you.—
Take this letter. [*Giving the letter.*]

Serv. [*Reading the superscription.*] Sir, I came to
tell you the gentleman is now below.

Don Gam. Is he?—How impatient is an old fel-
low in love!—Conduct him to a proper apart-
ment, sirrah. [*Exit Servant.*]

Rox. Sure I Sir, let me beg of you not to carry this
any further; I shall be the most unhappy creature
in the world.

Don Gam. No, you won't; the man is immensely
rich, and offers fair, I think.—Why, he's above my
age, they say, and of course must leave his riches
behind him shortly. Come, let us go and bid him
welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE Changes to a Saloon. Garden behind.

[*Enter LUCETT.*]

Luc. Where the devil has this new lover of our
hid himself, that I can't get a sight of him? He has
been a quarter of an hour in the house, without ever
finding his way to me—that's odd; but if he remains
here much longer without treading on my toes, I'll
forswear my profession, for I am determined to know
what metal he is made of, as soon as my mistress at
least. I—I wonder now, if he is rich? or handsome?
or good-natured? or whether he'd rather kill a rival to
please himself, or kill himself to please his mistress?
or—Heavens! there are a thousand questions to ask, and
nobody here to answer 'em.

[*Enter BASTO.*]

Oh, what is your master's name, pray, Sir?

Basto. Fernandez de Alv—No—I beg your
pardon, child, I am wrong; 'tis Don—Don—Pish!

END

C 2

—Now

—Now plague on this wench, she has put it out of my head.—[*Aside.*]—A—pon my honor, you are devilish handsome.

Luc. Why, indeed, from your unconnected manner of speaking, one would swear you are in love with me.

Bast. Ha, ha, ha! faith 'tis a sign we two are little acquainted; when you suppose I can love a woman, and tell her she's handsome.—No, no, no!

Luc. And pray what else can you tell her, that she'll think worth the listening to?

Bast. Oh, I can talk of myself.—Tell me, you rogue, an't I a proper subject?

Luc. So, this is your way of entertaining a lady!

Bast. Come, come, I'll please you if I can.—Help me to a dish of chocolate, and I'll help you to rail at every handsome woman but yourself.—Damn it, will that do?

Luc. Yes——No. You must say civil things to me besides.

Bast. No, no! I have too much regard for you to promise that.—A woman may do well enough under the spite and malice of her neighbours; but deliver her up to the mercy of her own vanity, and she's undone for ever.

Luc. Why, did ever any body hear——Indeed, my good friend, you have given me gall enough; I wish you'd qualify it with a little honey.

Bast. Honey? that is easily found—'tis here.—[*Kisses her.*]—You little wasp! here! here!—

Luc. Um—The deuce take you for a—drone, I was going to say.

Bast. Ah! say no more, for I can't stay to hear it now. But remember, we part friends.—[*Ex. Bast.*]

Luc. [*Solus.*] Rat the man's assurance! If I know what to make of him I'm a nun.—Oh! I should have trounc'd him rarely for his wit, if he had not stopp'd my mouth as he did.—[*Kisses and Friends.*] is an old saying; and the young fellows, hang 'em! know well enough when to apply it.

Young Carlos came one afternoon

To pay his humble duty,

And put me sadly out of tune,

By praising Anna's beauty:

Offended he must needs complain;

He kiss'd me—we were friends again:

So pleasing, teasing is the pain,

To quarrel—Kiss and friends again.

He told me then in playful mood—

Young fellows will be joking—

That he could have me when he would;

And was not that provoking?

I talk'd, but words were all in vain.

And so we kiss'd and friends again:

So pleasing, teasing, &c.

Old disappointed prudes may rail,

When Hymen off deceives 'em;

And loudly vow to take the veil—

But who the duce believes 'em?

Should e'er a straggling youth remain

They'd kiss him, and be friends again—

So pleasing, teasing, &c. [Exit C.]

Enter Don Narcisso, and two or three Servants.

Don Nar. I say, Sir, I am Don Narcisso, and take that [*Beating him*] to your master for a token: I have a particular way of breaking a knave's head, which he knows as well as another, perhaps.

Serv. Sir, you shall rue the doing of—

Don Nar. You lie again, rascal—here, honest fellow [*To another servant*], you look like a fool; go and see the message properly delivered, and there's for your trouble [*Gives money*]: what d'ye stare at? [*Striking him*] and you, Simon, what's got in

heads all of you? I'll jowl 'em together, and set your wits a working, ye puff'd-up scare-crows.

[Beats 'em all round.]

Enter Don GOMEZ.

Don Gom. Hey-day! what figure have we got amongst us now? Signior, I am much oblig'd to you for beating my slaves; pray who has procur'd me this favour?

Don Nar. Your daughter has, Sir.

Don Gom. Ha! my daughter!—this old fellow now has run mad for her.—Sir, I am sorry for you, but she's just engaged to one so like yourself—

[In an ironical manner.]

Don Nar. Why, 'sdeath, I'm told it is myself—there's the vexation, that's the reason of my visit.

Don Gom. This is strange indeed, Signior—but you may walk out of my house whenever you please, if that will quiet you.

Don Nar. Only say you have laid no plot to catch me in that cursed net matrimony; and you can't affront me, do your worst—Hark'ee, Sir; my servant tells me there is a treaty of marriage concluded between your daughter and me: how is that to be made appear, when it is well known I had rather be banged than married?—It must be a miracle indeed that drives me a wooing.

Don Gom. Miracles never cease, you know.

Don Nar. Never cease to astonish me, Sir:—My grand-mother had three husbands, and outliv'd 'em all; my aunt scolded my uncle into a consumption; and my mother, who was the most notable wife in the world, hurried my father into a fever, Sir—Hugh! d'ye think, Sir, with all these family misfortunes, *terrorem*, I can be hardy enough to run into the like danger?—*pa, pa!*

Enter BASTO, hastily.

Bast. Where can my master be, I wonder?—Gentlemen! *Salve coramini!*—I want to see Don—Don—*Nu—*—*cillo de Medecis.*

Don

Don Nar. Ecce homo! — there's Latin for your French.

Bast. Sir?

Don Nar. I am the man.

Bast. And I am my master's man, but not yours. I believe: I'm frighten'd out of my wits. [*Aside.*]

Don Gom. Oh friend — your master? — in the garden — that way.

Don Nar. This way.

Don Gom. Strait forward.

Don Nar. Turn about, ye puppy.

Bast. Sir?

Don Gom. Sir?

Don Nar. I am Narcisso de Medicis.

Don Gom. How's this?

Bast. I don't like it: (*Aside*) from Peter's description this must be he.

Don Nar. I don't know who the devil this fellow belongs to, but he shall be punished however, and in his own way too. (*Aside*) Signior, don't you think I have got a pretty gentleman, for a servant here, that won't know his own master? how strange he looks! but I know how to manage him, he has been at these humours before now.

Bast. Me, Sir! I never —

Don Nar. 'Blood, Sir! none of your prating. Here, slaves, fellows!

Don Gom. Sir, I insist. —

Don Nar. Nay give me leave to correct my own servant, if you please. Here ye comical rascals, here's work for you (*To servants*). Do you know this young man?

Serv. Never saw him before, Sir.

Don Nar. Then toss him in a blanket directly, make him cut capers ten story high — away with him — there's your hire. [*Gives them money.*]

Bast. If Don Fernandez were but here now — What unfortunate dogs are my master and I!

Don Gom. Fernandez his master! Why —

Don Nar. Ay, there 'tis out, Sir. — They are both impostors.

impostors. — Away with him, I say! — Gad I'll see that he has justice done him.

[*Exeunt Don Narcisso, Servants, and Datto.*]

Don Gom. [*Solus.*] That one of these old fellows is an impostor, I make no manner of doubt; but hang it, neither of them can be Fernandez; — why he had his head shot off at St. Roche long ago: yes, they finished him one night amongst 'em, as the report goes — De Crillon's gun-powder blew him out of the water; and Elliot's shot overtook him in the air, so he died flying like a sea-gull! — Egad here comes the other Narcisso — I'll keep at a little distance and observe him.

[*Stands aside.*]

Enter FERNANDEZ in Disguise, and ROSELLA.

Fer. Oh, oh! — what a face is there, Lady! — what a complexion! what a shape! — Whoo! — Gad she hates me most comfortably

[*Aside.*]

Ros. Wretch! my pity were too good for him.

[*Half aside.*]

Fer. Come child, don't be naughty — It must have me — it must — Papa says so.

[*Taking her hand.*]

Don Gom. Two words more to that bargain though

[*Aside.*]

Ros. Sir — I cannot — I will not be sacrificed to any man on earth.

SONG. ROSELLA.

Go, go, you rude man, don't tease me,

'Tis in vain, Sir — alas!

There — look in the glass,

Survey but your elegant shape;

— Dye think such a lover can please me

Away with your congees and scrapes.

Have you, Sir, you

That I never shall do,

Till I find I'm about to lead apen

What

What dæmon directed you hither?

You're surely possess'd,

To see me distress'd,

Yet still shew your foolish fond airs.

Fate never will bring us together,

So, go and get rid of your cares.

Have you, Sir! you!

That I never shall do.

Till I find I am at my last pray'r.

Enter DON NARCISSE.

Don Nar. Filch my name to be married in!—A pitiful scoundrel!—Zounds! I never felt myself so furious before.

[Strutting up to Fernandez in a bluff manner, and sinking into astonishment on seeing Roxella.]

Don Gom. *[Coming forward.]* In the name of Confusion, who are you?

[Laying hold of Fernandez, pulls off his false hair.]
Don Fernandez sure enough.—For which of my sins are you returned from the other world to torment me?

Rox. Fernandez!

Fer. What a curst situation!—A—Sir—
Madam—What can she think? *[Aside.]*

Don Gom. Leave my house, young gentleman. This trick of yours is a very—very—'Od!—I know not what it means, not I.—Daughter, do you retire.

Rox. It is not his being present that detains me here, Sir. After this ridiculous stratagem—but I'll match him for it—*[Aside.]*—Don Fernandez is the last man on earth I could think of.—*[Looking kindly on Don Narcisso.]* Heigho!

Don Nar. *[After having admired her.]* What the devil is the matter with me? Oh! I am try'd—I am cast—*[Alas!]* Executed.—That—that look has done for me! She has got hold of my heart! I am hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd!

Don

Don Gom. [Starting.] Sir! —

Don Nar. Who am I?

Don Gom. Narcisso de Medicis, you say.

Rox. A very agreeable gentleman, I say.

Don Nar. There now, there now! — No, no, young lady; I am a fool; an ass, and I can't help it.

Don Gom. Hey!

Fer. So—here is a mine sprung!

[*Aside.*

Don Nar. You, Don Bluff, [To *Fer.*] you thought fit to commence a courtship in my name—Hey? — Suppose I should carry it on for the joke's sake?

Fer. Ay, do, old Quixote, in spite of age and absurdity; but I'll watch your motions, my Knight of the Fiery Countenance.

Rox. Oh, Pride, assist me, to conceal my intentions a little longer.

[*Aside.*

Don Nar. [Strutting up to *Fernandez* and snapping his fingers, then turns to *Roxella.*] Come, my sweeting, [Kissing her hand] my citron, my spicy grove; do you consent, and we'll go immediately to my castle, where his mischief can't reach us.

Rox. Dear Sir, you are so gallant, that—Oh!

Don Nar. Ay, you'll find me honourable too, my blushing rose; but before one further step is taken, both you, Signior, [To *Don Gom.*] and this pearl of India, shall be fully satisfied, who and what I am. — Indeed, I don't much know myself—*I—I—I*—but no matter; that need not hinder my friends in Madrid from knowing me.

Don Gom. This looks honest; this offer is not to be slighted. [*Aside.*] — Well, Signior, produce your proofs, and we'll set off for your castle without delay: there we'll sign and seal, and then, spite of Don Fire-brass, *Fernandez* there, I'll dance at your wedding, my old hero.

QUINT-

QUINTETTO.

Don Nar. Signior Gomez, if you'd rather
 Chuse me your daughter's hand;
 You shall be my worthy father,
 I your happy son-in-law.

Don Gom. He is rich, and I'm contented;
 Let it then a bargain be.

Fer. If he weds, he shall repeat it.
Signior ——— well, ———

Don Nar. Hey! ———

Fer. Beware of me! ———

Don Gom. Young fellow, begone. ——— *[To Fer.]*

Ros. Oh! be not so hasty ——— *[To Don G.]*

Fer. But mark me old testy, ——— *[To Don N.]*

I have not yet done ———

Ros. Oh, Fernandez! ———

Don Gom. I say, I say, ———

You understand us ——— *[To Fer.]*

Don Nar. Away, away ———

Luc. enters. Hey-dey! hey-dey! ———

Ros. Oh, could I but speak what I feel at my heart! ———

D. Nar. Come, come, come, come! ——— *[Pushing Fer.]*

Luc. Sir, Sir! Mum, mum! ——— *[Whispering Fer.]*

Fer. Her looks are so kind, 'tis a pity to part. ———

Ros. Oh! could I but speak what I feel at my heart! ———

Fer. Her looks are so kind, 'tis a pity to part. ———

Luc. Her looks have too long been a mask to her heart. ———

D. Gom. Here take her, defend her, you never shall part. ———

D. Nar. I'll find out a way to make sure of her heart. ———

End of the First Act. ———

ACT

SPANISH RIVALS.

ACT II.

SCENE *a Grove high Don NARCISSE's Country-House, Moon-Lights.*

Enter PETER, and other Servants, with Grotesque Dresses in their Hands.

Peter. **W**ELL, practice it here an' under our garden wall, we munnot disturb them in the house there: says matter to me, as we were coming from Madrid to meet—he says, says he—Peter, I—I—I wish you wou'd contrive us somewhat to divert this young Lady when we get heame. I wull, says I—I wull, for I had it an in my head directly, and saiks I made the horses run at a fine size for it—how I did leather away, Guz!—hav'nt we soon gitten here, Guz?

1st Serv. Flew to be sure! How! how does our new mistress after her ride?

Peter. Od zaw's! I div'n't ken! Before we left Madrid, she—she simper'd and smil'd upon old maister, like sun-shine upon a peat stack, as they say in our country: now she's sulky, and glooms like a fog in a frost; but never ak! never ak! lads, we mun jump about—old maister too, he's for making one among us.

2d Serv. What the plague! he'll spoil all, Peter.

Peter. Hout! hout! hnt o' word o' that, or else we are all a back o' Johnny Brown's barn—Mum! always persuade old folks they can do impossible things, and you're certain to be a great favourite—Hey? hee! hee! icod.

3d Serv. Only mind that, Sancho, how comical.

Peter. Com, canny lads, get yourselves perfect off hand, we mun at it presently. Stay, I'll gang in first, and to sing some vearses in the nature of an Epilogg to begin with; then I'll to whistle, and my maister is to bounce in, and then—have a care, lads, here he comes dodd'ring for his lesson, *(They scramble about.)*

Enter

Enter Don Narcisso.

Don Nar. I am fatter to go to bed than to go a munn-
ning; but that's nothing—Ho! Peter, I'm come again
to seek you—my little cherry blossom there is quite
melancholy, and we must—go along, you fellows (*to*
the other servants), get into the coach-house and dress
yourselves.

Peter. Get away, ye clot-heads (*winking to them as*
they exit): get out ye great gammerstangs.

Don Nar. Peter.

Peter. Aye!

Don Nar. Don't you think me a fool?

Peter. Hout a babbles! you needn't care for that.

Don Nar. I don't care, Peter—I don't care for any
body—I'll please myself.

Peter. It was ever your way, they say.

Don Nar. I live here on purpose, Peter—in this
retir'd place, where there's nobody to contradict me—
they?—I'll dance if I like it, Peter—don't you think
so—I'll dance—I will.

(*Capering fantastically.*)

Peter. Cocks! on! your honor minds me of poor
Mushy Nickson, of our town; he had been to Crof-
by Merry-night, and fell bad of a fever—I'll never for-
get, your honor—his mothenhood by th' bedside, and
ax'd him if he would take any thing—ay—give us a
hornpipe, says he—*My love*, says his mother, mun I
send for a physician? *who—oo*, says he, that's the
college hornpipe—*let us have Jucky Lotten*. Ay, I
never will forget him—*who—oo* (*whistling the tune*),
poor Mushy!

Don Nar. Peter—I'm going to say a most unac-
countable thing—I—I had rather see her smiles than
sun-shine—Yes, tho' one destroys my peace, and
the other ripens my corn—but come, I won't think—
I'll dance.

Peter. I'll be a devil, and you're to be a can-
juron—we hae gotten dresses o' the whew-forks, and I
warrant we'll make rare masters.

Don.

* C

Don.

Don Nar. And we'll have a fair trial to night—whether Mirth or Melancholy is to rule here.

Peter. Nay, if it don't bring tears into my eyes now! Why, it—it—it so minds me of Cumberland—

So On Ni G

Exit Martinus gone a year, Odds wucks! how please'd was I

When hiring-day was come, And sails were all flung by;

Our hearts and heels were light,

We danc'd as we were mad;

With every lad his lad,

And every lass her lad.

Ay, you'd ha laugh'd to see,

How bravely caperd we;

'Twas neither back nor feet,

As the fiddler thought his feet;

Tree daddled dumpy dumpy

And a whoop, lads! hey for Cumberland ho!

(Laddledy tow row)

To raddled dumpy to raddledy do!

I'll never forget the time

I went to Rossay fair,

With a pair of new foal's pumps,

To dance when I got there;

How lo'th' old grey nag

Was mounted like a king,

And Dick ran on before,

With Hawkie in a string;

Then soon as I'd sell my row—

And dance my pumps clean thro'

And drink till I was fow—

With Neighbour howdy do!

"Pse gaily—how are you?"

Ecod it was or hap lads! hey for Cumberland ho!

Laddledy tow row,

To raddledy dumpy, do raddledy do!

Enter

Enter FERNANDEZ, booted, as from a Journey.

Fer. 'Tis a helter-skelter journey we have taken, that is the truth on't; but who would lose time on such an invitation as the charming Roxella's? If that little cunning jade, Lucett, has but put us on the right scent, I'll lay any wager we deliver her mistress from this wild man of the woods in half an hour, by fair means or foul. I wish we could find out his den though; it must be hereabouts.

Enter BASTO.

Bast. Two-and-twenty miles in as many minutes, almost! Oh, Zooks! *that*, and the cursed blanket business, have shook me into subdivisions. — A pox on such flying expeditions! I am sure they have written *Memento Mori* upon my poor bones.

Fer. Where is this fellow got to? I hope his enquiries have been lucky. Hush! — *Basto!*

Bast. Sir! —

[Dolefully.]

Fer. Come, come; where have you been? What news of Roxella?

Bast. M——n—— I stumbled upon a poor peasant hard by, with a basket of eggs; and I have been discoursing with him.

Fer. Well, and what questions did you ask?

Bast. How many eggs a penny, to be sure; hunger — hunger pinched me so violently, Sir, — that —

Fer. I wish hunger would improve your hearing, Sir.

Bast. Gad so it has, and my tasting too. — However, Sir, I have learnt that we are now close to the enemy's fortifications: there *(pointing)* is Don Narcisso's castle; how do ye propose to attack it?

Fer. Zounds! I'll set fire to it.

Bast. Ah! you were always too hot. — But indeed I believe we must use force at last, for our cunning has done very little for us. *(Starting.)* Stand aside, Sir. — Look! — Two fellows in the strangest disguise I ever clapp'd my eyes on.

Fer. Hey!——Let them pass. [*They stand aside.*]

Enter NARCISSE and PETER in antic Dresses, and Masks on.

Peter. Now, stay you here, and be ready to come when I whistle.

Bast. Do you hear that, Sir? [*To Fer.*]

Peter. The rest on 'em are gone round 'other way, as you ordered.

Bast. I tell you, Sir, they are going to rob the house.

Fer. And I say they shan't—What, can I see the house, which contains all I hold dear, invaded by ruffians?——Stand by me, Basto.

Peter. Mind now when I whistle; we'll surprise them, I warrant us. (*As Peter is going, Fernandez and Basto seize them.*) Oh, Lud!—not yet!——(*Looking round.*)——Whaw——u!

Fer. Villains! thank Heaven, you are prevented—

Don Nar. You lie! I'll marry her in spite of your teeth, bully rival!—I know you.

Fer. Hey! What the devil!—Your most obedient, Don Narcisso.

[*Pulling off his mask.*]

Bast. And yours, good Mr. Peter.

[*Unmasking him.*]

Peter. Why, it's nobbet me!

Don Nar. Help there!

Bast. Gag, him, Sir.——I have a scheme in my head—Here, here! Gag the good gentleman.——Toss me in a blanket, ha! if my master would give me leave, I would so baste your old bones, that you would feel by sympathy what it is to be tossed in a blanket.

Don Nar. Ah! Ah!—Nang! nang! ang!

[*As Fernandez gages him.*]

Peter. Murder!——

Bast. Peace, you dog!

Peter. Wa—wa—what the deevil d'ye mean?

Bast. (*draws his dagger.*) Swear upon this blade, that you'll give us true answers to every question we ask.

SPANISH TRIVALS.

37

add. Swear, or take it in your guts. — Hold you fast, Sir.

Peter. Odd's breed to take that thing away. [To Fer.]

Fer. This encounter is the most lucky circumstance — Now, Sarah, where is Donna Roxella?

Peter. She's in there, an I mun tell ye. — Wa, your Honour! I can't help it, it's this clatterwallets.

[To Don Nar.]

Bast. Where is Don Gomez, the lady's father? — One lie, and you give up the ghost!

Peter. Don — Don — Gomez? — He is just gone out, and I — I — don't know where he is. — Ah — Oax — my measter there.

Fer. But who is with Donna Roxella?

Peter. Why, nobody but her servant lass, and a few more ladies and gentlemen belonging to the neighbourhood: we were ga'ing to divart 'em wi a bit o' spwott by way of masquerading, and, Odd white it! you've spoil'd it all.

Bast. Oh, ho!

Peter. I wish ye wud keep my measter that way, he looks so obbsrop'lous.

Bast. Very well — strip — off with these robes of darkness in a minute!

Fer. With these disguises we may enter the house in perfect safety.

Bast. And, to secure a retreat, suppose we bind these gentlemen to the next tree we come at? — No thing like personal security for their good behaviour.

[They strip]

Peter. Vary weel, Mr. Basto, I am in a strange country, and you may do as you like wi me — but, Odd rabbit me, if ever I catch you in Cumberland! [Ex. Fer. and Basto with the dresses, hauling out Don Nar. and Peter.]

SCENE, an Apartment.

Enter ROXELLA and LUCETT.

Luc. La, Ma'am! what signifies making yourself uneasy?

uneasy? We shall get out of this old fellow's clutches by hook or by crook, I'll answer for't.

Rox. Heaven knows what is to become of me!

Luc. Nay, Madam, endeavour to be chearful, pray.

Rox. It is impossible I can be chearful in this situation!

S O N G

Let the lark find repose,
In the full waving corn,

On bees on the roseay,
Tho' surrounded with thorn.

Nether robb'd of their ease,
They are thoughtless and free,
But here gentle Peace,
Cannot harbour with me.

Luc. Well, Madam, you may blame yourself for this; nobody else.

Rox. I could not have believed that Don Fernandez would thus forsake me! But did you inform him properly?

Luc. Inform him!—Suppose he should be here already?

Rox. And is he here, Lucett?

Luc. Yes, yes, my life on't; three hours have effected that business.—Shall I carry him a message from you, to punish his presumption?

Rox. Teazing Lucett!—I wish you was married with all my heart.

Luc. I wish I were, Madam.—Lud! now you put me in mind of Fernandez's handsome valet: you must know, Ma'am, that I have taken a fancy to him,—and I have told him so too.

Rox. What a madcap!—And so you really wish for a husband?

Luc. Yes, I want sadly to be my own mistress; I begin to find my spirit too high for a state of subjection, and so I'll even marry and shake it off.

Rox.

SPANISH RIVALS.

Row: What then, is my service disagreeable to you?

Luc. Nay, Madam, I talk at random to be sure; but I have a strange notion I shall do very well if I marry Basto.

Rox. Wo!—You may be too confident, Lucetta.

Luc. Oh! Madam, I have learnt a very useful lesson; that is, to think very little of myself, and not to dislike a handsome young fellow for being of a contrary opinion.

ry opinion.

7127 The gallant waiting mer in town,

Address me as a goddess fair;

Yet what of that—is better known,

103m 9 I'm but as other women are.

Ne'er shilly-shally, can I wait,

edit of When choice of lovers come to woo;

But as I wish to change my state, I always find

131 (51) Why, let the best e'en buckle to.

My good old Grannum often said,

And now I speak it frank and free ;

That Men were for the Women made,

And surely one was made for me:

But should I find my Spouſy naught,

As many better women do ;

No'er think I want my lesson taught,

Depend upon't I'll fit him too.

(Laugh with)

Rex. What was that, Lucett?

Luc. Oh dear Ma'am, there's high Carnival in the great hall yonder; your new neighbours seem vastly diverted—Oh! here comes Fool the First in all his glory—don't be frighten'd.

Enter FERNANDEZ, disguised.

Rox. And is this our very reverend host?

For. Yes, chuck!

Luc. For a wedding-suit, Sir—you have a most brilliant fancy!

Rev.

Rox. Wedding indeed & possibly, Sir, the time may come when—

Fer. (*Unmasking.*) When Fernandez will be happy in spite of fate.

Rox. And is it you?

Luc. Oh! Sir—my poor Lady tatters with the surprise—hold her up, pray do—

Fer. Be not alarmed, my life: your deliverance is at present all I'm thinking of.

Luc. Ay, Sir; convey us from this horrid spot, and I think there are two ladies of my acquaintance will heartily thank you.

Rox. Fernandez—your late actions have been very strange: in justice my deliverance ought rather to be your punishment than your reward.

Fer. Oh! my reward is easily souled. All the merit I claim is that of being the most enterprising fellow in the kingdom; which of course entitles me to the fairest Lady in the land, (*taking her hand*) If you are acquainted with any private way out of this house, tell me. (*putting on his mask*).

Luc. For heaven's sake, Sir, that way—ah!—

(*Shrieking.*)

Enter Don Gomez and Lopez.

Don Gom. What's the wench squall at—look up child—'tis only your father. (*To Rox.*)

Lop. Good, Sir, this is my master, Don Narcisso, being his first appearance in this character: you must excuse his dress, as I said before.

Don Gom. [*Interrupting him.*] So—so—you country cavaliers have the oddest ways of making yourselves agreeable—but I have received no very agreeable news, I can tell you.

Luc. Patience, Madam, let them alone. (*Aside to Roxella.*)

Fer. [*Aside*] Ah! hem!—

Don Gom. That bully, Fernandez, has follow'd us hither.

Fer. Ay, he'll follow me wherever I go.

Don

Don Gom. Don't be frighten'd; we'll put it out of his power to cross us.

Fer. I understand you, Sir—Now fortune assist me. (*Aside*) The Curate is in the house, and we'll be married directly.

Don G. With all my heart; I'm impatient till it be done.

Fer. Lopez—go—desire the Curate to step into the next room; and, do you hear, send Bast—a—that is—a—you know—a—Peter.

[*Exit Lopez.*]

Enter BASTO in Disguise.

Bast. Pse here, as they say in Cumberland. (*mimics Peter*) Leave it to me, I've been list'ning (*Aside to Fernandez.*) Ad's wooks!—what noise is that?

Don Gom. Eh!—Come, come—take her before the priest, I'm afraid that Fernandez will bring down a company of soldiers upon us.

Fer. Now, my good Friend, stay hereabouts, and keep vatch against all interlopers—the business will soon be done.

Don Gom. Away with you.

[*Exeunt Fernandez, Roxella and Lucett.*]
Egad this haste is lucky—he marries her before the writings are drawn up, and I'm not obliged to give her a farthing—ay—ay—let me alone for a lucky stroke—we've disappointed that young rogue Fernandez too, in spite of his cunning.

Bast. How the old Don is a hugging himself—let me alone for a lucky stroke!—Oh! you old diamond cutter. [*Exit.*]

SCENE Another Apartment.

Enter DON NARCISSE, driving PETER before him.

Peter. What d'ye fratch me for!—it was n't my fault—Mels, you hit plaguy hard.

Don Nar. You lye—my arms won't move—can't use them (*brating him*)—I have been grafted to a tree so long, that I'm half wood, and if I had stay'd much longer, you'd have seen branches o' top o' my head.

Peter.

Peter. Ay, this comes of your hasty weddings.—
Why, you deserve to have branches o' top o' your head.

Enter DON GOMEZ.

Don Nar. Don Gomez! —

Don Gom. Now, now, now?—What, is it over?
have they tied you fast there already?

Don Nar. Tied me fast!—Egad, if it had not been
for a mendicant friar who came to the spot by chance,
I don't know what we should have done.—Zounds!
this last half hour has been an age to me.

Don Gom. Bridegrooms are always impatient.

Don Nar. And tell me who would not be impatient,
hampered as I was? Gagg'd I could not speak for my
soul!

Don Gom. Ah! the ceremony does carry a kind of
awe with it, rather confounding.

Don Nar. Confounding, d'ye say? It was horrid,
barbarous!—It—it was infamous! And, Sir, since I
have been tied up there against my will, love has
found time to cool—I don't care two-pence for your
daughter.

Don Gom. No? Then you have got through the
honey-moon in a plaguy hurry.—Tied up, indeed!
—Pray, Sir, what is the meaning of all this?

Enter BASTO.

Bast. I'll inform you, Sir.—By the same token that he
was bound to a tree, my master is bound to your daughter;
here they are, Sir, let them speak for themselves.
—But you know he marries her before the writings
are drawn up, and so you are not obliged to give her
a farthing.—Oh, let you alone for a lucky stroke!

Don Gom. Hee, hee, hee!—Oh, you curst villain!

Enter FERNANDEZ, ROXELLA, and LUCETTA.

Fer. Signior, you must forgive us, especially as we
sue for peace at the close of a victory. What say you,
Don Gomez?

Don Gom. Say! I have nothing left to say, but Hea-
ven bless you together; and if I had said that, some
hours ago, it would have prevented a deal of vexation.

Peter.

Peter. Huzza ! here's a wedding at last !——Wish ye much joy, good folks. By my faith, we'll have a capering match yet, measter !

(Looking at Don Narcisso.)

∴ Ah, poor soul ! his love fit is cured it seems.

Don Nar. Yes.——When an old man is about to marry a young woman, let him be tied to a tree, and consider of it—that's all.

FINALE AND CHORUS

FERNANDEZ.

Since Fate my ev'ry wish has crown'd,
Let Song and Dance preside ;
Each day shall be Jubilee :
What says my charming bride ?

ROSELLA.

No longer now the proffer'd bliss
Can hopes and fears destroy ;
Fly to the winds, tormenting Care,
And welcome Love and Joy.

CHORUS.

No longer now, &c.

PETER.

Now blythe be your canny hearts,
And merry may you be ;
Let measter here say what he will,
A wedding, lads, for me.

LUCETT.

The joyous minutes quickly fly,
When pleasure follows pain ;
So, if you're willing—let us part,
In mirth to meet again.

CHORUS.

The joyous minutes, &c.

(Exeunt omnes.)

FINIS.

3 P A V I S H R I V A
 When I have a wedding
 I will have a grand
 wedding with you, my dear
 (Ladies and Gentlemen)
 When I have a wedding
 I will have a grand
 wedding with you, my dear
 (Ladies and Gentlemen)
 When I have a wedding
 I will have a grand
 wedding with you, my dear
 (Ladies and Gentlemen)

FEMALE AND CHORUS

FEMALE

Since this is my wedding day
 I will have a grand
 wedding with you, my dear
 (Ladies and Gentlemen)
 When I have a wedding
 I will have a grand
 wedding with you, my dear
 (Ladies and Gentlemen)
 When I have a wedding
 I will have a grand
 wedding with you, my dear
 (Ladies and Gentlemen)

CHORUS



FEMALE

The joyous minutes pass so fast
 When the time for us is past
 So if you're willing - let us part
 In haste to meet again

CHORUS

The joyous minutes pass so fast

F I N I S



1506/364

